(No. XIV.)

THE PASTIME.

Schenectady, Saturday, June 27, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

THE FARMER

Leads a simple, useful, and happy life. He receives from the hand of nature, a support for himself and family; and he receives it as the reward of honest toil. He studies not a system of intricate principles, that he may live, like the lawyer, on the quarrels of others: he need not wish any one sick, like the physician: nor, like the parson, does he preach a doctrine, which he does not act. Far be it for me to hint—that the lawyer wishes men to quarrel; that the physician wants them to be sick; or that the good clergy ever play the card of hypocricy. But the lawyer gets no bread, where no one disputes, the physician starves where there is no one ill; and the divine preaches a *perfect* religion which the weakness of humanity cannot strickly follow. The lawyer keeps bad company, *ex officio*, till he, *sometimes*, becomes bad himself; and *ex officio*, the doctor witnesses scenes of distress, till *sometimes* his sensibilty is destroyed. What are the temptations of the farmer? His repose is refreshing and undisturbed; when he wakes, he wakes to pass another day in innocence and happiness. He has no wants: nor is he compelled to live by *artifice*; adopting measures which wound and lacerate his *delicacy* till it ceases to be *delicacy*, and yielding to the pressure of occasion, principle after principle, *until he has no principle to yield.*

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF DERMODY.

(Concluded.)

His satisfaction was no less on perusing the letter of his affectionate and early friend the honourable Baron Smith. During some weeks he appeared in a state of convalescence: but being attacked by violent nightly coughings, and constantly importuned by his needy landlord, his spirits failed; he again sunk into his former melancholy; and to avoid demands which he could not satisfy, early in the month of July he fled from his wretched lodging; and without giving notice of the circumstance to any of those constant friends, who, under every difficulty had assisted him, took shelter in a miserable cottage near the village of Sydenham in Kent; from which, when driven to the last dreadful extremity, he sent the author the following letter.

"*To Mr. Raymond, 239, Piccadilly.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You no doubt have been greatly surprised at my departure. I had neither time nor opportunity to relate my miseries. My poverty, and the im-

portunities of my unfeeling landlord, compelled me to leave those abominable lodgings in Portpool-lane; and I cannot say I have changed for the better. Pray, my dear friend, write to Lord Moira again; say I cannot live long, and it will be the last favour conferred on an unfortunate youth. I expect nothing but friendship from you at this fatal period, and therefore will not scruple to ask an extraordinary favour on *my death-bed*. I am in want of every thing; and in saying this, I need not tell you that the smallest assistance will give me comfort—I cannot live, and my last hours are full of misery. The favour I have to beg is, that you will call again upon Mr. Addington, and explain that you have seen me: say his last bounty is expended: he is generous; and though I do not deserve his kindness, I think you will not fail to move him.

"You will write me immediately, as you perceive I employ another to write. Forget me not, my dear friend; I have troubled *you* long, but cannot much longer. God bless you!

"*9th July.* "THOMAS DERMODY.

"Direct to me at Mr. Lance's, baker, Sydenham, Kent."

This letter, the last he ever wrote, unfortunately did not reach town for several days. On the 15th of July the author, accompanied by Mr. Allingham, went to visit him. They found him in a wretched hovel, leaning over a few embers, which hardly gave warmth to his shivering and emaciated body, in a state of the deepest misery and dejection. He had scarce power enough left to express the grateful sentiments which their visit inspired: the words faltered on his parched lips; his eyes became filled with tears; and being unable to give expression to the strong feelings which laboured in his breast, he sunk again into the melancholy position in which they had discovered him, and continued silent for a considerable time. These emotions having subsided, he endeavoured to relate the particulars of his unhappy situation; but was often obliged to pause, in order to gather sufficient strength to encounter the violent and oppressive cough which momentarily returned. The deserted appearance of the house, better calculated, indeed, for the retreat of a horde of robbers than the abode of a dying person, and the wretched poverty displayed in a few articles of furniture which it contained—(a few shapeless stools; some faggots of wood scattered on the floor; and a crazy bedstead, without curtains, placed opposite a door which admitted through its crevices both the wind and rain)—added to the gloom which was observable on entering it, and the reflection that a human being was there struggling with a fatal disorder, without either medical assistance, the comforts which sickness requires, or the necessaries requisite for the mere support of nature, occasioned the most painful emotions in his two friends. When he had recovered a little from the agitation which their appearance had occasioned, he raised himself from the drooping posture in which for some time he had placed himself over the fire; and fixing on the author his sunk eyes, said, "Thank God for this friendly visit! I thought I had given the whole world, and you in particular, cause to forget me. I have deserved the severest censure; but do not now remember that I have done so." The caution was needless; his past errors were buried in the recollection of his present sufferings, and he had little to dread from the chidings of those who had now to perform only the few last offices of friendship. When his disorder allowed him to enter for a moment into conversation, he assumed a spirit which, though faint, was yet mingled with the eccentricity that had, on almost every occasion, marked his character, and which was equally observable on trivial and on important matters. While the author was stating to him some particulars which he imagined might be conducive to his comfort and recovery, Dermody broke suddenly from the conversation, and observing that Mr. Allingham had taken up a volume of Hudibras which lay on the table, said with a ghastly smile "You see I am merry to the last." A violent fit of coughing succeeded this effort;

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when, with a presentiment of his approaching dissolution, he said: "That hollow cough rings out my knell."

The comforts which his situation required and admitted having been ordered to be procured for him, his two friends went in search of a more comfortable and commodious lodging; which they speedily procured on the most delightful part of Sydenham common, where he was to have a careful nurse, and to be removed the following day. Some money was now given to the landlord for his use: and having assured him that they would return the next morning and convey him to the apartments they had provided for him, his visitors took their leave; not without a hope that their solicitude for his happiness, and the anxiety which they had expressed for his recovery, would have soothed his apprehensions, and secured him comfort during the tedious night. Their hopes however were vain, and their labours ineffectual. Dermody expired the same evening, at the age of twenty-seven years and six months.

He was buried at the expense of those friends who, during his life, had so frequently supplied his wants, in a romantic and solitary spot, and over his tomb a monument has been erected with the following inscription, extracted from a poem written by him, entitled "The Fate of Genius."

'No titled birth had he to boast:
Son of the desert; Fortune's child:
Yet, not by frowning Fortune cross'd,
The Muses on his cradle smil'd.

'He joy'd to con the fabling page
Of prowess'd chiefs, and deeds sublime;
And e'en essay'd in infant age,
Fond task! to weave the wizard rhime.

'And tho' fell passion sway'd his soul,
By Prudence seldom ever won,
Beyond the bounds of her controul,
He was dear Fancy's favor'd son.

'Now a cold tenant does he lie
Of this dark cell, all hush'd his song;
While friendship bends with streaming eye,
As by his grave she wends along;

On his cold clay lets fall a holy tear,
And cries, 'Tho' mute, there is a poet here.''

NOTE ON DERMODY.

[The Life of THOMAS DERMODY concludes this week. We have traced him through a labyrinth of misfortunes, from which, if at any time he chanced to wander, the EVIL GENIUS who presided over his destiny, eagerly reclaimed him. We cannot dismiss a work, which we have read with such melancholy interest, without transcribing the following from an eminent British Publication:

"To those who are emulous of poetical distinction, and who flatter themselves with being drawn from the obscurity of poverty by the fostering hand of patronage, we sincerely recommend an attentive meditation on this history of a once favourite poet. If Dermody was sufficiently faulty, his protectors do not appear to have been altogether faultless. *He had many advisers*, and *some patrons*, but FEW FRIENDS. He was too often reminded of his origin, too little allowance was made for the impetuous hopefulness of youth, and the method was not pursued by which a person of his temper was most likely to be reclaimed from misconduct. He was frequently made to FEEL the obligations conferred on him; and he was treated, by some of his best advocates, rather as a dependant whom their bounty had called into notice, than as one whose merit entitled him to rank in consideration with themselves. He was not weaned from unbecoming associations; he was not taught the value of respectability; he was not properly encouraged to think well of himself. He might be the guest, but he was never the companion of people of character. Men are not seen willingly to contribute to the superiority of each other. ABILITY, THEREFORE, DREADED AS WELL AS ADMIRED, and HATED BECAUSE FEARED, IS OFTENER OBSTRUCTED THAN FORWARDED IN ITS PROGRESS TOWARDS DISTINCTION."]

LITERARY PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. CHARLES B. BROWN, of Philadelphia, a writer whose eminent productions have added not a little to the respectability of American Literature, contemplates the publication of a work to be issued half yearly, on the plan of the British Annual Register. To be commenced on the first of January, 1808.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD G. MALBONE.

[For this number, we had prepared an original sketch of Mr. Malbone's character. The "People's Friend," which contained the following, came to hand just as we were enclosing the M. S. S. for No. XIV to the Printer. We threw by our little wild-flower offering, and gazed with all the "joy of grief" upon this splendid monument. By transcribing it, we pay the noblest tribute to the dear memory of a friend. The structure itself contains the highest eulogium on the hand that reared it.]

There are several events which, from the importance of their nature, and the particular constitution of the human mind, can never lose their claim to its deepest interest. The impressions they produce, are not weakened by the frequency of their recurrence—although they come unsolicited, their influence is felt with undiminished strength. Such is the premature fate of men of talents—a subject that has ever filled the breast with solemn and affecting sympathies; sympathies which will attend it as long as man feels, and is mortal.

The death of *Edward G. Malbone*, which suggested these reflections, will prove their truth to all the admirers of merit. It has deprived his country of an ornament which ages may not replace. It has left a blank in the catalogue of American genius, which nothing has a tendency to supply. His talents as a painter, have rendered him celebrated in his own country, and admired abroad. They secured to him that liberal patronage in America, which his professional associates have been compelled to seek in European cities.

It has long been a subject of regret, that the names of West and Coperly are all we can boast of these eminent men, while their works are destined to grace the palaces of princes, and to add to the splendour of foreign capitals. Prevailing causes have precluded the possibility of fostering genius in this country. Wealth is the pillow upon which the nursling must be reared. Wealth alone can requite the labours of the artist. But these causes are gradually yielding to the influence of taste and the advancement of our national prosperity. Hence we have been enabled to keep in his native land, an artist who would have been every where received with applause, and encouraged with liberality.

Mr. Malbone was a native of Newport, (R. I.) He discovered a propensity for painting at an early period of life, which

strengthened with his other affections, became at length so predominant, that he neglected every other amusement for its indulgence. When a boy, it was his delight to be wherever he could gain any insight into his favourite pursuit. He frequented the Theatre, to contemplate the illusions of scenery; and by the regularity of his attentions behind the scenes in the forenoon, attracted the notice of the painter, who, discovering unusual genius in his young acquaintance, permitted him to assist him with the brush, and at length suffered him to paint an entire new scene. The reward of young Malbone was a general ticket of admission, which was the more acceptable, as it gave him an opportunity of hearing in secret the commendations of his work. While he thus amused himself at the Theatre, he filled up his little intervals at home, with drawing heads; at length with attempting likenesses. Whether or no he was more pleased with his improvement in the latter occupation, he soon devoted himself solely to it. His rapid progress convinced him that he possessed talents, and gave alacrity to his endeavours. Prospects of fame began to open upon his mind, and that propensity which hitherto had been nourished by the mere force of nature, derived additional vigour from the hopes which reputation and wealth inspired. He began now to be known and patronized as a miniature painter He visited the principal northern cities, and resided successively in New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston. In the winter of 1800 he went to Charleston, where his talents, and the peculiar amenity of his manners, enhanced the attentions which he received from the hospitality of its inhabitants. Although he delighted in conversation, the pleasures of the table never led him to neglect the more congenial occupations of his Painting Room.—It was his regular habit to begin study before breakfast, and to continue occupied the greater part of the day. So great an economist was he of time, that he even contrived a method of painting by candle light, by the means of glasses which condensed the rays, and threw them upon the ivory.—But this was merely an experiment, which did not answer as he wished; it serves, however, to shew the ardour of his mind in the pursuit of his favourite object. This ardour after excellence, induced secondary habits, which, although they sensibly affected his health, he could not discontinue. In May, 1801, he sailed from Charleston to London, where he resided some months, absorbed in admiration of the paintings of celebrated masters. With a mind improved by study and observation, and animated by the enthusiasm of genius, he visited the different galleries of living painters, enlarging his ideas through the medium of their labours, and profiting by the contemplation of their works.—When in England, he was introduced to the acquaintance of the President of the Royal Academy; who, conceiving a high opinion of his talents, gave him free access to his study, and shewed him those marked and friend-

ly attentions, which were more flattering than empty praises, to the mind of this young countryman. He even encouraged him to remain in England, assuring him that he had nothing to fear from professional competition—but he preferred his own country, and returned to Charleston in the winter of 1801, where his improvement, in the short space of his absence, was very manifest. After this, he continued his pursuits in different parts of the continent, always finding employment.

Although by nature he had a strong constitution, it became of late so sensibly impaired by confinement and application, that he was compelled last summer, by the solicitation of his friends, to relinquish his pencil, and indulge in exercise; but his frame had become too weak, and he felt every symptom of an approaching consumption.—His physicians recommended him to try a change of climate, and in the beginning of the winter he took a passage in a vessel for Jamaica: but the change not producing much benefit, he returned to the first port in the United States, which was Savannah, where he languished until the 7th ult. when death relieved him of his sufferings.

As we have followed Mr. Malbone through his professional walks, it may not be amiss to mention his private character, the prevailing features of which were amiableness and equanimity. He possessed a warm and generous heart, whose operations always discovered themselves in his actions and conversation. The profits of his profession, which were very considerable, he shared with honourable liberality among his relations, to promote whose happiness was an object that always seemed to animate his exertions. Native diffidence promoted his favourite views, for he was unconscious of his merit, when improvement was to be obtained. Knowing that the painter's great secret is to learn to imitate nature, he disdained to make a mystery of his art, but was always ready to communicate without jealousy the result of his observation and experience. Although he was unable to devote much time to reading, yet he by no means neglected the improvement of his intellect, for it was his delight to procure a friend to read to him when painting.—He had perused with taste and attention many of the most approved English authors, and with a mind naturally acute and discriminating, selected and retained what he read.

As *Miniature* was the department he chose, it limited those powers which would have been eminent even in historic painting; but it was a style peculiarly congenial to the benevolence of his feelings. He imparted such life to the ivory, and produced always such striking resemblances, that they will never fail to perpetuate the tenderness of friendship, to divert the cares of absence, and to aid affection in dwelling on those features and that image, which death has forever wrested from it.

His style of painting was chaste and correct, his colouring clear and judiciously wrought, and his taste altogether derived from a

just contemplation of nature.—In his female heads particularly, there was, when his subject permitted, an enchanting delicacy and beauty: we have never seen a pencil more happy in representing "the mild light of love," the "Lumen purpureum Juventae." For these excellencies he would not suffer even from a comparison with Guido or Albani.

The memory of such a man will long be preserved with respect by those who knew him; his pencil, whose language is universal, will rescue his name from oblivion.—*Carpenter.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI."

What time the morning breezes blow
Ere yet the dews are dried away;
Ere the sun sparkles on the mead
Or shoots from eastern hills his ray;

My Estelle wander'd down the vale,
Estelle, the village boast and pride,
Bending with eager joy her course,
To the clear streamlet's flow'ry side.

She marked the rippling waters flow,
Caught the rich sweetness of the air,
Gazed on the rugged mountain's brow
And the gay clouds that wanton'd there.

A Morning Glory blossom'd near,
Which caught her mildly roving eye;
She viewed it opening to the morn,
And watched its pale-blue modest dye.

Pensive, the humble flow'ret hung,
And turned its bosom to the east,
The sun shot forth a warmer ray,
And drank the dew drop from its breast.

Of life sustaining moisture reft,
It droop'd beneath that vivid ray,
Faint, languid, soon, like beauty, doom'd
To close in death its little day.

Estelle, to *nature's* softest touch,
To all the sweetest feelings true,
Eyed the fast fading flower of morn,
And heav'd the sigh to pity due.

'Why turns my flow'ret to the sun,
'Which drinks its vital powers away,
'Why seek not the refreshing shade,
'And shun the life destroying ray?

'Why fades thy little life so soon,
'Fleeting as mists before the gale,
'Born but to die, like early dews
'Which from thy velvet leaves exhale?

'Is there, in ocean, or in air,
'Or thro' creation's wide domain,
'A fish, an insect, or a flower,
'By holy nature made in vain?

'Yet wherefore dost thou blossom here?
'And blossom, merely but to die?'
Soft as the music of the sphere,
Thus sweetly fell the soft reply.

'I seek the sun at nature's call,
'And firmly duty's course pursue;
'No ill could awe me from her path,
'Tho' pain, nay death itself, ensue.

'What tho' I'm passing, as the morn,
'And quickly to oblivion hurl'd—
'This truth I teach—go tell to man,
'*So fades the* GLORY *of the world.*'

It ceas'd to speak—too soon it felt
The warmer influence of the day—
Chaste from the stem its petals dropp'd
And on the gale were borne away.

For the Pastime.

SHENSTONE IMITATED.

Adieu to my Jessamine bowers,
Adieu to my sweet scented rose,

To Readers and Correspondents—Erratum.

Adieu, ev'ry blossom and flow'r,
Of nought can I think but my woes.
Ye dells, and ye grottoes, adieu,
Ye founts, and ye woodbine retreats,
Since Henry is false and untrue
Each haunt is depriv'd of its sweets.

Could a gleam of fond hope pass my mind,
Some solace it there might bestow,
But so pleasing a guest cannot find
A place in the bosom of woe.

How changeful each joy that we prize,
Each transport that gladdens the heart,
See, it blossoms, it withers and dies,
It is seen but to sigh and depart.

[If rightly we recollect, this sweet little trifle is attributed to DRYDEN.]

I prythee give me back my heart
Since I cannot have thine,
For if with yours you will not part,
Pray why should you have mine?
Stay—now I think on't—let it lie—
To take it home were vain,
For *you've a thief in each sweet eye,*
Would steal it back again!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A friend has favoured us with letters, containing minutes of a journey through Greece, and the Ionian Islands. Want of room has excluded them from this number.—They are on file for publication.

We have the promise of an Original Letter, written by Cowper, on the subject of religion.

ERRATUM.

In the Editorial introduction to "Lines on the marriage of Miss —— to Mr. Fay," read "*the lover of* CHOICE *poetry*," for the lover of poetry.

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